THE

LOVE of our COUNTRY,

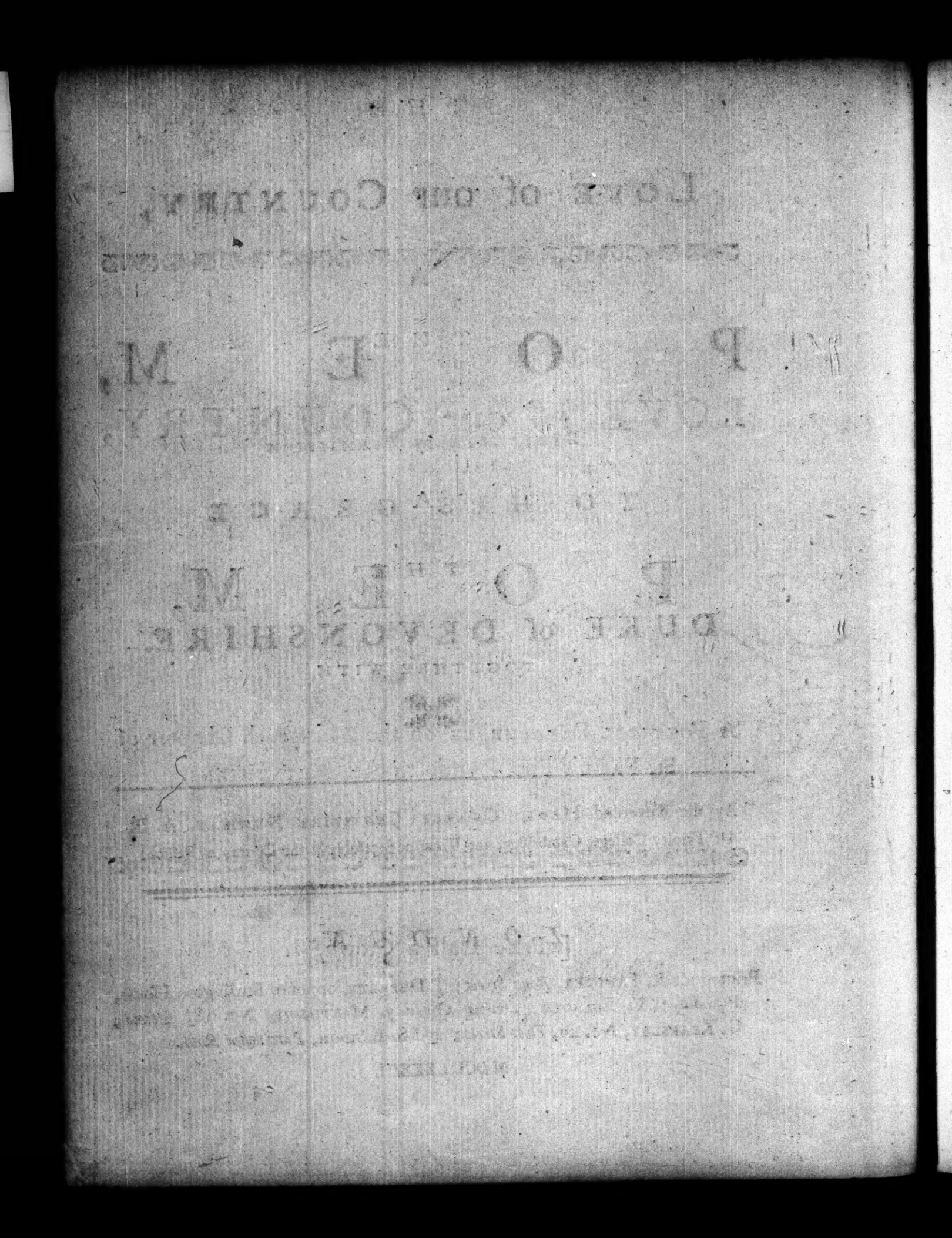
A

POEM,

TOGETHER WITH

A POETICAL PARAPHRASE on the Thirteenth Chapter of St. PAUL's Firſt Epiſtle to the CORINTHIANS.

[Price Half a Crown.]



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THE LOVE of our COUNTRY,

A

POEM,

DEDICATED by PERMISSION

TO HIS GRACE

THE

DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

By the Reverend HENRY CHARLES CHRISTIAN NEWMAN, A. B.
Of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Stotfold, in the County of Bedford.

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M.DCC.LXXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

HIS GRACE

THE

Duke *of* Devonſhire, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

IF the *Amor Patriæ* were only an attachment to the ſoil, and with weak and vulgar minds it is little elſe, Engliſhmen would perhaps have leſs pretenſions to this virtue, if it then merited that name, than moſt other nations on the globe: But when we take it in a proper view,

as

as it is their peculiar characteriſtic, ſo is it juſtly their ſuperior boaſt, as founded equally upon a principle of reaſon, duty and affection. Relations, family, connections, friends and property are the great bleſſings which recommend and endear a country, and ſo far the ſentiment I have endeavoured to inculcate and explain is common to all nations; but in moſt of them, theſe bleſſings are held upon a tenure ſo precarious and uncertain, that they loſe their chief zeſt and value from that very circumſtance: For happineſs depends not ſo much upon our poſſeſſions, as upon the independence and ſecurity with which they are enjoyed: In the hearts of Engliſhmen therefore, the love of our country is a rational and wiſe affection, and as in proportion to theſe excluſive advantages, it is

greater

greater than with other people, ſo muſt the ſame proportion accordingly hold among themſelves, as any individual may be diſtinguiſhed by the number and magnitude of theſe advantages. When I add to theſe conſiderations that philanthropy which ſo eminently marks your Grace's character, and that ambition which impels you no leſs from nature, than from reflection upon a long and ſplendid train of patriotic anceſtry, to adorn and advance the name of Cavendiſh already ſo illuſtrious and unrivalled in itſelf; whom can I more properly ſolicit to countenance and patronize a work in commendation of Patriotiſm than the Duke of Devonſhire? or what better means can I deviſe to revive a primitive and antiquated idea, and to bring it into currency and faſhion, than by referring

ferring to your Grace for a pattern and authority. The force of this idea and authority I feel, I hope, too ſenſibly not to wiſh and foreſee the benefit which muſt obviouſly reſult to the former, introduced and aſſiſted by the latter; with the ſame wiſh and perſuaſion, I humbly preſume to intreat your Grace's kind condeſcenſion to give the following lines an *entré* into the world,

I have the honor to be,

With the profoundeſt reſpect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's moſt obedient,

And moſt devoted humble Servant,

Henry Charles Chriſtian Newman.

THE

THE

LOVE of our COUNTRY,

A

POEM.

Cari ſunt Parentes, cari Liberi, Propinqui, Familiares: ſed omnes omnium Caritates Patria una complectitur.

Cic. de Off.

YE choſen Band! whoſe well exerted zeal
Reſtores the public hopes and public weal,
Ye happy Few! whom Providence deſign'd
To vindicate the rights of human kind,
Whoſe ſtubborn virtue to its country true,
Nor intereſt nor pleaſure can ſubdue;

Ye Prodigals of every ſelfiſh claim
Whoſe chief exceſs is avarice of fame,
Ye! whom indulgent Fortune has careſt,
And Nature with her richeſt dow'ry bleſt,
Say, 'mid the joys which from theſe ſources flow
Which wealth or ſplendid talents can beſtow,
Did e'er ſublimer feelings ſeize the mind,
Than when thoſe gifts to others ye conſign'd,
Than when ye bade a nation to rejoice,
And hail her ſaviours with one common voice?
For ne'er, tho' greatly fall'n the mighty ſtate,
Shall total ruin on her empire wait,
While Portland, Cavendiſh, and Burke unite
With Fox, his country's idol and delight,
With Townſhend, and with Conway friend to peace,
Bleſt race! who caus'd Britannia's tears to ceaſe.
Already union as a giant ſtands
And joins Briareus like collected hands,
Already o'er the foe uplifts her arms,
And with a hundred deaths at once alarms,
Already humbled, Spain and France declare
How loſt is their ambition in deſpair;

How

How baffled all their mighty projects end,
And nought but ruin to themſelves portend,
While every Briton's boſom beats with joy,
And future triumphs all his thoughts employ.

Dear are the bleſſings of a ſocial life
From public care retired and public ſtrife,
Whoſe even current peaceful vales among
Without a murmur calmly glides along:
Sweet is the muſic of according hearts,
Sweet as the raptures harmony imparts,
Where in true uniſon affections flow
Attun'd in ſympathy to joy or woe.
But of the finer movements which controul
And captive lead the faſcinated ſoul,
Not all theſe pow'rs united ſhall contend
With the delicious accents of a friend;
In vain does man with penetrating eye
The beauteous order of the world deſcry,
In vain the harmony of angels hears,
Deaf to the tuneful muſic of the ſpheres,

Unleſs ſome partner thoſe ideas ſhare,
Double his pleaſure and divide his care.

But greatly he diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt,
In human happineſs ſupremely bleſt,
Who free from prejudice, and unconfin'd,
At once embraces kindred, friends, mankind,
Who with his country's ſummons would comply,
Whether that ſummons be to live or die.
Him not the luſt of popular applauſe,
Nor foul corruption laviſh in her cauſe,
Nor all that kingly favor can beſtow
To dignify the mean, and raiſe the low,
Not e'en the threats of ruin, pain, and death
Shake in the moment that demands his breath.
Let others boaſt their lone retreats ſecure
From all that active virtue muſt endure,
And as aſham'd, or with the world at ſtrife,
In ſolitude inglorious ſteal through life,
Or heedleſs of a ſinking ſtate, repair
To mark a pheaſant or to ſtart a hare.

But little can theſe narrow ſouls contain
Beyond their brute companions of the plain,
Baſe progeny of earth! that ne'er reſpire
One emanation of celeſtial fire,
Who in the body's cell like pris'ners live,
And ſeek in ſelf what ſelf can never give.
To theſe, in vengeance for her gifts abus'd,
Nature thoſe finer feelings has refus'd,
Thoſe finer feelings that engage the heart
Still in the common cauſe to bear a part;
Let wealth and titles on the ſelfiſh wait,
The pomp of pow'r and pageantry of ſtate,
Wealth, titles, pow'r, and ſtate ſhall paſs away,
And fate's reſiſtleſs fiat all obey:
Not ſo the edifice the patriot rears,
Whoſe ſtrength encreaſes with encreaſing years,
Who on the baſe of public good ſecures
A tenure that to lateſt time endures,
Whoſe priſtine firmneſs unimpair'd deſcends,
And bleſſings to a race unborn extends.

Thus thought America, and juſtly thought,
Who for the prize of independence fought.

Hail independence, birthright of mankind,
Eternal charter of the freeborn mind!
Thee, bounteous nature gave to human race,
When firſt was forfeited celeſtial grace,
When juſtice iſſu'd the ſevere decree,
Which mercy temper'd, man ſhall ſtill be free;
To mitigate the rigor of his fate
Is free to gain his primitive eſtate,
'Tis thine to give ſecurity to wealth,
To ſickneſs ſolace, and a zeſt to health,
Pure unalloy'd enjoyment to diſpenſe,
And ſhape a keener edge to ev'ry ſenſe.
Thine too, heroic fortitude to give,
Thine, unendanger'd to bid virtue live,
Untainted by corruption or controul
To breathe the ſpirit of a dauntleſs ſoul,
Nor dazzled with the luſtre of a crown,
To court the tyrant's ſmile or dread his frown;

In thy protection better far ſecur'd
Than or in tow'rs or brazen walls immur'd.
Enamour'd rather of his humble ſtate,
Than hang upon the favors of the great,
For thee from ſervile courts the good man flies,
And all profuſion can beſtow, deſies,
Pow'r, riches, honors, ne'er ſeduce his heart
From the ſtrict rule of juſtice to depart,
No fears of poverty or death prevail
His firm unſhaken purpoſe to aſſail;
Bid him through tracts inhoſpitable range,
Where the alternate ſeaſons never change,
In deſart climes, unfriended and alone,
Beneath the frigid or the torrid zone,
Through waſtes and wilds which beaſts of prey infeſt,
Or men, more ſavage ſtill than theſe, moleſt,
Be thou his guide, his guardian and his ſtay,
No terrors ſhall annoy him on his way.
Then oh! as thou art wont, on Britain's iſle,
Thy favorite abode, for ever ſmile.

In

In queſt of happineſs from ſhore to ſhore,
The various regions of the world explore;
Firſt Italy's delightful landſcape trace,
Where lovely nature wears her faireſt face,
Where unſolicited with laviſh hand,
She pours luxuriance o'er a ſmiling land;
See Pan with flocks and herds the hills adorn!
And Ceres crown the laughing fields with corn!
Pomona early ripen into birth,
And Flora with embroid'ry deck the earth!
See mimic art with nature boldly vie,
The living canvas lure the raviſh'd eye!
Here marble breathes in animated buſt,
And leans in ſorrow o'er the patriot's duſt;
There mighty ſtructures awfully ariſe,
And vaulted palaces ſalute the ſkies;
While Peter's ſolemn and aſpiring dome
Conteſts the boaſted pride of ancient Rome.
But what can the luxurious clime avail,
Though balmy fragrance float in ev'ry gale;
Can art or genius ſtill the voice of grief,
Or to the galling chain afford relief?

Though

Though pomp and grandeur all their charms diſplay,
Can pomp and grandeur chaſe diſtreſs away?
Though muſic join to gratify the breaſt,
Can muſic lull anxiety to reſt?
Freedom apart, theſe gifts alone diſpenſe
A power to torture or deſtroy the ſenſe;
Where ſenſual joys alone their thoughts controul,
And ſlavery contaminates the ſoul.

Go then where France with faſcinating charms
Allures thee, like a ſyren, to her arms:
What though Campania's bluſhing honors vie
With the rich purple of an ev'ning ſky;
Where northern winds no fatal tempeſts bring
To blaſt the tender promiſe of the ſpring,
What though a purer air the plains inveſt,
And ling'ring ſuns their ſummer courſe arreſt,
What though his lib'ral preſents autumn pour,
And winter mild preſerve the treaſur'd ſtore;
Yet not the luxuries of ſouthern France,
Nor all that Andaluſia can advance,

Nor lands that with perennial verdure ſmile,
Chear'd by the bounty of prolific Nile,
Nor Grecian Tempe, nor the Perſian plains
Where ſtill the bloom of Paradiſe remains,
With England's matchleſs praiſes ſhall contend,
Praiſes, reluctant envy muſt commend.
This truth though fifty provinces atteſt,
And each has her peculiar boaſt confeſt,
Still to ſuperior merit theſe ſhall bow,
And Chatſworth's ſov'reign excellence allow.

Here art and nature, rival beauties vie,
And with reſiſtleſs courtſhip win the eye:
Whate'er of taſte, of ornament or uſe,
The various climes and ſeaſons can produce,
Whether to faſcinate the raviſh'd ſight,
And now with wonder, now with grace delight,
While blended ſcents and aromatic gales
Another happy Araby exhales,
With fruits and flow'rs, and plants of ev'ry birth,
To ſhew, in miniature, the varied earth,

Whether

Whether with harmony the ear to pleaſe,
And ev'ry nerve with extaſy to ſeize,
Thou Chatſworth only canſt theſe pow'rs diſpenſe,
And gratify with novelty each ſenſe;
Enamour'd of this manſion and this ſpot,
Great Tallard his captivity forgot,
And Mary here ſequeſter'd from her foes
In exile found a reſpite to her woes.

Yet leſs is Britain's happineſs confin'd
To virtues of the ſoil, than of the mind;
Nature her darling ſons, her fav'rite race,
Has harden'd to the rigors of each place,
With patient labor and unconquer'd toil
To tame the ſtubborn genius of the ſoil,
The cold inclement ſky, the raging wave,
And all the warring elements to brave.
Inur'd to little, bent on honeſt gain,
See Induſtry enrich the barren plain!
See vig'rous Health, a never failing friend,
And ſweet Complacence in her train attend!

See Art and Science ſmiling hand in hand,
See Trade and Commerce flouriſh through the land!
See Wiſdom all her public councils guide,
See Truth and Juſtice in her courts preſide!
See Liberty ſecure and unconfin'd,
And equal laws the willing ſubjects bind.
Happy! whom Heav'n ſhall to theſe bleſſings call,
To whom this great inheritance may fall,
Happy! his country witneſſing the deed,
Happy! for ſuch a prize as this to bleed;
Who would not freely bleed in ſuch a cauſe?
For truth, for juſtice, liberty and laws.
To theſe ſhall genius conſecrate the pen,
And boldly vindicate the rights of men,
The muſe of fire illume the glowing page,
And eloquence ſhall thunder in her rage;
For theſe the hero ſhall each toil defy,
And from the flow'ry lap of pleaſure fly,
For theſe the downy bed of eaſe reſign,
And on the flinty couch of war recline;
Thoſe limbs but now in ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
Shall menace death in mailed coats diſplay'd;

Regardleſs

Regardleſs of the chilling ſnow and rain,
The dire extremes of cold and heat ſuſtain,
That ear the concord of ſweet ſounds forego,
To wound its organs with the pangs of woe,
Attend to dreadful marches and alarms,
Stunn'd with the grating diſſonance of arms,
That heart, where all humanity can give,
The peaceful virtues, love and friendſhip live,
Shall mingle with unkindred ſouls in fight,
And ſtrive in ſcenes of horror to delight;
It's country's gen'ral welfare ſhall embrace,
As light diffuſive, infinite as ſpace:
That mind adorn'd by ev'ry grace and muſe
Congenial raptures ſhall to all transfuſe,
Shall chaſe the troubles of the lab'ring ſky,
While cloudleſs Fancy, * Halcyon-like may fly!
That hand aſſiſtance ſhall alike extend
To cruſh the proud, the humble to defend,

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* As the Halcyon or King's-fiſher flies only in calm and ſerene weather, ſo the imagination never ſoars to the ſublime but when it is unclouded with care or poverty.

The madneſs of ambition to controul,
And hurl defiance to the diſtant pole.
By ſuch a ſoul united valor led
At Creſſy, Agincourt, and Poictiers bled;
Such Wolfe, Britannia's glory once and pride,
And ſuch the virtues which in Chatham dy'd.

Would Heav'n reverſe th' inevitable doom,
That deſtines all creation to the tomb,
Could virtue flouriſh permanent as truth
In conſtant vigor and in bloom of youth,
Could health and happineſs for ever laſt,
And new enjoyments ſtill ſucceed the paſt,
'Twere madneſs ſure with dangers to contend,
And riſque thoſe bleſſings which would never end.
But ah! in vain misfortunes we elude,
Age, ſorrow, and diſeaſe too ſoon intrude;
Not wit, not piety itſelf can ſave,
Nor grant one moment's reſpite from the grave;
That plea without diſtinction was denied,
Or Falkland, Hampden, Sidney ne'er had died;

That plea no privilege on earth can give,
Or Burke and Savile would for ever live.

Let Fancy figure in her richeſt vein
A ſtate, that only Fancy can attain,
Unbounded wealth to gratify deſire,
And all man's ſanguine wiſhes can require;
A region, ſuch as Eden was of old,
Where growths ſpontaneous in each kind unfold,
To one let th' undivided tenure fall,
The ſole inhabitant and lord of all,
And ſtill, the fond idea to enhance,
And heighten ev'ry viſion of the trance,
Let ſenſibility refine his ſoul,
Knowledge her volume to his mind unroll,
Let ev'ry organ, faculty and tone,
And ev'ry nerve be tun'd to joy alone,
Lo theſe, whence nothing but delight ſhould flow,
Shall prove the ſolitary ſource of woe!
His talents unemploy'd and undiſplay'd,
Shall pine for action in the ſilent ſhade,

And each unſocial unimparted joy
Shall ſerve alike to tantalize and cloy:
Though Wiſdom, eaſe and pleaſure all conſpire,
A ſolitude in Heav'n itſelf would tire.
Then who, ſince his beſt happineſs depends
On action, ſocial intercourſe and friends,
Since virtue unexerted, unreveal'd,
Is little more than ſloth entomb'd, conceal'd;
Since man was from his origin deſign'd
To urge the common welfare of his kind,
And whether born to fortune or to pow'r
Or more ennobled by his mental dow'r;
Is bound as guardian to protect and ſhare
The ſacred truſt committed to his care;
Who in obſcurity ſupinely laid
With paſſive unproductive years decay'd,
Would e'er endure, nor at the thought recoil,
To waſte and rankle in a deſart ſoil?

O Britain, be the pleaſing office thine
Deſert, rewards and honors to combine

To

To recompence, where recompence is due,
To worth in ev'ry ſhape and faſhion true;
Nor be the vet'ran, poor and unallied,
(Prepoſt'rous cauſe) reward or rank denied:
Deſerted, as with juſtice he complain'd,
For battles nobly fought, or trophies gain'd.
" My brave aſſociates! tell in honeſt truth,
" May not the blaze of glory dazzle youth?
" Or why ſuſtain we, poſted in the front,
" The heat of action and the battle's brunt,
" While, as by ſome divinity inſpir'd,
" E'en cowards fight by our example fir'd,
" And Britain ſtill enrich'd with many a ſoil,
" Enjoys the copious harveſt of our toil,
" Unleſs ſuch dangers ſome reward may claim
" More than the idle phantom of a name,
" That Engliſhmen who ſhall our triumph ſee
" May thus applaud their country's juſt decree:"
" Not unrewarded here does merit pine,
" Nor warriors break for nought the hoſtile line,
" No ſervices forgot, no toil unpaid,
" No great attempt in vain at honor made,

" But each encouragement to virtue view,
" Each prize to valour and to danger due."
" Still could my country not the pittance ſpare,
" In war the foremoſt freely would I dare,
" Still, ſtill without a recompence would bleed,
" And brave each proud aſpirer to the deed,
" But when unnumber'd favors ſtand prepar'd
" To wait on wretches who no danger ſhar'd,
" For titles, birth or wealth perhaps careſs'd,
" Strait indignation kindles in my breaſt,
" From war I then determine to refrain,
" Nor labour for ingratitude again,
" Hence! let us fly! no more oppoſe the foe,
" That Britain may this uſeful leſſon know,
" True virtue only in that land will thrive
" Which keeps it by encouragement alive."

But let not youth, whoſe wild and fierce deſires
The ſavage luſt of blood and havoc fires,
Deaf to a parent's or an orphan's cries,
Think real courage in deſtruction lies:

Nay

Nay let him rather know the truly brave
Delight in clemency and love to ſave;
'Tis theirs each ſad neceſſity to ſooth,
The grim and wrinkled brow of war to ſmooth;
Bold as the lion, once the fight begun,
And milder than the lamb, the battle won;
Regarding war as but the means of peace,
And anxious only that its flames ſhould ceaſe.

Eternal honors may thoſe heroes claim,
And live unrivall'd in the rolls of fame,
Who offer up their conſecrated blood
The willing victims for their country's good;
The next, however wide the ſpace between,
Still great, but of a leſs heroic mien,
Who quit, nor one regret a moment feel,
Eaſe, pleaſure, fortune, for the public weal;
The laſt, and they too much applauſe ſhall find,
Who ſet apart the talents of the mind,
Their full extended force and vigor bend
From private int'reſt to the public end,

With morals, arts and ſcience to adorn
The living age, and bleſs a race unborn,
Give ſentence or to virtues or to crimes,
Commended or condemned to after times.
To warn a people in auſpicious hour
Of rights invaded by the ſtride of pow'r,
Or on the public mind a ſenſe to preſs
Of bleſſings which the free alone poſſeſs,
To fix the terms of ev'ry ſocial plan,
The mutual ties that rivet man to man,
How far obedience to the ſtate is due,
And thence protection to the ſubject too;
That each in due proportion ſhould extend,
And as the latter fails, the former end;
Or where the voice of Nature and of God
Commands reſiſtance to the tyrant's rod.

Britannia happy in a happy race,
Fond ev'ry child of genius to embrace,
Whoſe diſcipline degraded vice bemoans,
And whom a parent, orphan merit owns,

The helpleſs infant ſtill adopt and chear,
Still to maturity and vigor rear ;
So, ſhould thy foes combine againſt thee led,
And frown annihilation on thy head,
Thy grateful ſons ſhall in return beſtow
The juſt protection and ſupport they owe,
Shall diſſipate the league to ruin hurl'd,
And hail thee Sov'reign Miſtreſs of the World.

11 : 7 : 49

CHARITY,

A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Thirteenth Chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians,

DEDICATED by PERMISSION

TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUTCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

BY THE

Rev. HENRY CHARLES CHRISTIAN NEWMAN, A. B.

OF

Trinity College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Stotfold,
in the County of Bedford.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

HER GRACE

THE

Dutcheſs *of* Devonſhire.

MADAM,

THOUGH Virtue, if ſhe were viſible, would be ſufficiently amiable in her native charms, yet ſhe then only becomes irreſiſtible, when introduced and recommended by the Graces; for notwithſtanding the natural force of her attraction, ſhe ſometimes carries a certain auſterity of countenance and perſon, that rather forbids and repels, than prepoſſeſſes or invites us to imitate and approach her. As Vice therefore is ever drawn with deformed and diſtorted features to diſguſt us, ſo ſhould Virtue, to win and engage our hearts, be deſcribed with an angelic ſymetry of form and face. Our Saviour, while he was a

pattern of perfection in his morals, was no leſs ſuch in his manners, and theſe advantages and accompliſhments were ſtill heightened and improved by the moſt conſummate beauty. Your Grace is only inferior in theſe qualities to an inſtance where inferiority is no diminution or diſparagement of them.

For theſe reaſons I was induced to entreat your Grace's patronage of a virtue, if not an aggregate, yet confeſſedly the greateſt of all others, and that in which you particularly excel,

I have the honor to be,
With the profoundeſt reſpect,
MADAM,
Your Grace's moſt obedient,
And moſt devoted humble Servant,
Henry Charles Chriſtian Newman.

CHA-

CHARITY,

A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Thirteenth Chapter of St. PAUL's Firſt Epiſtle to the CORINTHIANS.

" Though I ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels, and " have not Charity, I am become as ſounding braſs, or a tinkling " cymbal." 1 COR. Chap. xiii. v. i.

WHAT tho' I boaſt the ways of Heav'n to ſcan
In all the tongues and eloquence of man,
Or could I modulate with lips of fire
In ſtrains which liſt'ning Angels might admire;
Did ſcience her myſterious page unroll,
And with ſublimer truths enlarge my ſoul,

Did prophecy, in one expanſe of light,
Lay all the future open to my ſight,
What tho' my faith all miracles diſplay,
Bid plains aſcend, and mountains melt away,
Rocks at my fiat into occan hurl'd,
And earthquakes break the order of the world;
Or could I regulate th' obedient ſun,
In other orbits bid the planets run,
Nature convuls'd a diff'rent aſpect wear,
Confound the ſeaſons and invert the year,
Yet did not Charity its aid beſtow,
Inſpire my voice, and in my boſom glow,
Tho' ſweeter far than ever angels ſung,
Perſuaſion on my lips enamour'd hung,
My faireſt eloquence ſhould ſcarce ſurpaſs
The tinkling cymbal, or the ſounding braſs,
Faith, ſcience, prophecy, ſhould all expire,
Nor leave one ſpark to wake the dying fire.

What tho' I conſecrate my goods to bleſs,
And ſuccour patient merit in diſtreſs,

Afflicted

Afflicted virtue of her tears beguile,
And bid the face of ſorrow wear a ſmile,
Or could I with the glorious three allied,
The fiery furnace unappall'd deride,
Yet did not Charity poſſeſs my ſoul,
And all its power and faculties controul,
My moſt heroic fortitude were vain,
Patience of evil, and contempt of pain,
My gifts and alms the wretched to befriend,
In weakneſs would begin, in weakneſs end.

Hail! brighteſt attribute of God above,
Hail! pureſt eſſence of celeſtial love,
Hail! ſacred fountain of each bliſs below,
Whoſe ſtreams in ſympathy unbounded flow.

'Tis thine, fair Charity! with lenient pow'r
To ſooth diſtreſs, and chear the gloomy hour;
To reconcile the dire embitter'd foe,
And bid the heart of gall with friendſhip glow,

To ſmooth the rugged paths of thorny life,
And ſtill the voice of diſſonance and ſtrife;
Abaſh'd the vices at thy preſence fly,
Nor ſtand the awful menace of that eye,
Hate, Envy, with Revenge, in anguiſh bleed,
And all the virtues in their room ſucceed;
Attemper'd to the bloom of virgin grace,
See modeſt Innocence adorn that face,
To failings mild, to merit ever true,
See Candour each ungen'rous thought ſubdue!
See Patience ſmiling in ſevereſt grief,
See tender Pity ſtretching forth relief!
See meek Forgiveneſs bleſs the hoſtile mind,
See Faith and Hope in ev'ry ſtate reſign'd!
Happy! to whom indulgent Heav'n may give
In ſuch ſociety as this to live;
Happy! while erring mortals blindly ſtray,
And Vice in league with Folly leads the way;
Aloof from danger, and from toil ſecure,
To view the ſordid cares the reſt endure!
No ſtorms of adverſe fate diſturb his reſt,
No guſts of paſſion agitate his breaſt,

But

But placid as the face of ſummer ſeas,
When fann'd and ſoften'd by the falling breeze,
Calmly the current of his days ſhall glide,
Nor ſink with abject fear, nor ſwell with pride.

If mild endurance of th' oppreſſor's wrong,
Indulgence to forbear and ſuffer long,
If meek humility, a tranquil mind
Unruffled at the malice of mankind,
If kindneſs in extremes of fortune try'd,
Unalter'd by ingratitude or pride,
If reſignation, mercy, truth, belief,
Can grace the ſtandard of ſo fair a chief,
If virtue can adorn and charm alone,
Theſe, theſe, O Charity, are all thy own.

The child in reaſon weak, in paſſion ſtrong,
Pleas'd with a toy, a rattle, or a ſong,
With fickle humour and with ſpleen oppreſs'd
Rejects his fondeſt wiſhes when poſſeſs'd;

Youth

Youth thoughtleſs, raſh, impatient of controul,
Pleaſure the only object of his ſoul,
With random ſteps in vice and folly ſtrays,
Yet ſpurns the baubles of his infant days;
But man, aſham'd of childhood and of youth,
With nobler faculties aſpires at truth,
Borne on the wings of airy fancy flies,
While reaſon guides his paſſage thro' the ſkies,
Now bold inveſtigates all nature's laws,
Proud to explore the univerſal cauſe,
With chymic art and analyzing pow'r
Now proves the virtues of the plant and flow'r,
The min'ral, ore, or foſſil now ſurveys,
Till loſt in thought and error's gloomy maze;
Each chaſm by vague hypotheſis ſupply'd,
Each want of proof by vanity or pride:
To doubt is ſtill the part of all below,
Where raſh concluſions from conjecture flow.

Thus darkly ſeen thro' microſcopic glaſs,
The crouded objects in confuſion paſs,

Or

Or float uncertain in the dazzling ſky,
Or too minute perplex the aching eye.

But time theſe feeble lights ſhall ſoon betray,
Abſorb'd in ſplendor of eternal day:
Then tongues ſhall ceaſe, and prophecy ſhall fail,
The trite ſuggeſtion of an idle tale;
Knowledge unbuild its viſionary ſcheme,
Fleet as the baſeleſs fabric of a dream;
Man's boaſted reaſon, inconſiſtent, wild,
Weak as the prattle of the liſping child!
Then hope and faith no longer ſhall be croſt,
In full enjoyment of their wiſhes loſt.

Let Fancy bid the ſoft illuſion riſe,
Favonian breezes and unclouded ſkies,
Where vernal ſweets the bliſsful plains inveſt,
And faſcinated ſuns ſuſpended reſt,
Let nature, rich in ev'ry varied grace,
Enamour'd of the ſcene adorn her face,

Pour unſolicited her treaſures round,
And with embroid'ry deck th' enamel'd ground;
Let all be rapture harmony and love!
---How faint an emblem of the joys above!
Where thou fair Charity! with happier doom,
Shall ſpread and flouriſh in immortal bloom,
In Heav'n's bright Empyrean ever live,
And endleſs bliſs receive, and endleſs give.

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F I N I S.